

The Critic

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Notes on Book-Binding.

THE taste for fine bindings, for clothing a good book in the best attire, for glorifying a great author's work by a truly artistic setting, is growing among those in America who have the leisure to think about the fitness of things and the money to spend on the gratification of their inclinations. Unfortunately the eagerness of the many is greater than their discretion; and even among those who should know better, we find a half-informed ignorance and a mis-directed energy. To know even what good binding is, and to be able to say whether and why a book is well-bound, are accomplishments only to be gained by study and opportunity. There are many people in the United States, fond of books, and given to reading, who have never in their lives had occasion to handle and examine a really admirable specimen of the book-binder's art in its higher branches. The ordinary commercial binding, the putting of a book into cloth-covers, has been carried here to its highest extreme. Nowhere will you find better work of this kind than on the shelves of American publishers. Often the stamps impressed on the sides of American books are simple, appropriate and beautiful. Some of the copies of Mr. Cable's 'Madame Delphine,' for instance, were sent forth in olive green, with a stamp in rich red, representing fruit and leaves; and it is difficult to describe the strength and propriety of this simple design. Mr. Du Chaillu's 'Land of the Midnight Sun' had a most striking cover,—bold without vulgarity. These are fair instances of American designing; the covers of the English editions of these two books were wholly different and altogether inferior.

But it is not with this commercial covering in cloth, good, bad or indifferent, that these lines have to do. The object of the present paper is to draw attention to the more artistic and more permanent binding in leather, which alone permits of indefinite adornment. A bookcase filled with volumes bound in cloth, no matter how effective and elaborate may be the gold on their backs, has never the varied and rich appearance of a bookcase filled with volumes bound in calf, vellum, morocco or Russian leather. Now, there is a great difference in the looks, and in the duration, of these and other leathers. And yet few people in buying a handsome set of books for themselves, or as a present, ever

pause to consider whether the binding will prove durable or not. This assertion may be made unhesitatingly, because if book-buyers were in the habit of considering the quality as well as the appearance of the books they bought, book-sellers would soon cease to offer, or at least to recommend, bindings as fragile as Russian leather, for instance. Russian leather looks very pretty, —but it wears very badly. Except possibly on books that are very much handled, and so take up the natural oil of the hand, it soon dries, and then it cracks at the hinges and splits at the edges. Calf is almost but not quite as feeble: it takes color well, and gives a showy and attractive back to a book. But it cannot be called durable. None of the bindings one meets with ready-made is more beautiful than treed-calf. Yet if you ever have occasion to examine a treed-calf binding fifty or a hundred years old, you might be surprised to see how all its beauty has faded, as its colors have dried and its sides have shrivelled. The one leather which is at once lasting and good-looking is morocco. Genuine morocco is a goat-skin, and it has a long, tough fibre; the fibre of calf-skin is fine and close so that it cracks whenever it is exposed to heat—and all books in an American house are exposed to heat. Morocco takes color as well as calf, if not better, and it holds color far longer than calf. A well-dyed red morocco is said to be the only binding which does not fade or change its hue. Remembering these facts, it is safe to advise the use of morocco and the absolute disuse of calf and Russian leather. Sheep-skin is used on law-books and dictionaries and other works of reference, and is very well suited for such purposes. It peels easily, but it wears well and is not expensive. A dyed sheep skin with a polished surface is called roan, and serves well enough as a cheap substitute for morocco, especially in half-bound books. A set of sober tomes looks solid and substantial when bound in half-roan, Jansen style.

There are lovers of books who declare that half-binding is an abomination, and that a book worth binding at all is worth binding in full morocco. And so it is—if you have the money. Most of us have to count the cost carefully. Binding cannot be done cheaply, and the covering of the sides of a book with leather very materially increases the expense, without greatly increasing the durability. Of course, if you have a volume of great price—if you have a folio of one of the old dramatists—if you have the original edition of Molière's 'Tartuffe'—if you have one of Benjamin Franklin's books enriched with notes in his own handwriting, then it is your duty and it should be your pleasure to do the best by it your purse will permit. Certainly, it ought to be bound in full morocco, and adorned with as much bravery of tooling as your taste and pocket desire. But for most books, a good, substantial binding in half-morocco is sufficient. A book half-bound in red morocco, with red morocco corners, gilt tops and uncut edges is a slightly object, if the work has been well and carefully and conscientiously done. And as the object of half-binding is to save the extra expense of full binding, it is more appropriate that a half-bound book should not make any great display of gilding on its back. The simpler the tooling, the better. Best of all is it to have nothing stamped on the back of the book except the lettering needed to identify it. On an ordinary half-bound book, the binder cannot afford the time to do tooling and gilding with the care and nicety needed for really good work; and in default of the best work it is better to have none, and to rely for effect on the richness of the leather.

But whether a book is half-bound or full-bound—whether it is clad in gorgeous red morocco, or in sombre half-roan, there are certain qualities which it ought to have, and which it will have only when the owner chooses his binder with care and insists on the carrying out of his directions. First of all, he should not allow the binder to remove a single leaf of the volume. There are brutal binders who have been known to take out the page which contains the title of the book and nothing else, and which precedes the title page. And nearly all binders will take off the cover of a book originally bound in paper. Now, it calls for only a moment's reflection to see that this cover, which often contains a special engraving, is an integral part of the book, and absolutely demands a place within its covers when it is bound. Consider the original serial editions of Thackeray and of Dickens in monthly parts, and you will see that the failure to bind in at least one of these covers, in covering the volume with leather, deprives the book of one of its most characteristic engravings. Consider again the paper-covered books of the French—consider the dainty and delicate American books in which the best work of the Parisian publishers is imitated and emulated (reference is intended especially to Mr. Stedman's 'Poe' and Mr. Aldrich's 'Sonnets and Lyrics'), and you will see that the cover is so completely a part of the book that to tear it off as you put the volume in the binder's hands is to rob it of one of its chief beauties.

Quite as important as the inclusion of all the pages of the book, is the preservation of these pages in their integrity, unshorn by the knife. It is a hard struggle always to keep a binder from curtailing the fair margins of a book. Nothing adds so much to the beauty of a page as a wide expanse of margin. But no binder—except a few of the foremost—has any appreciation of this beauty; and the owner must stand over him with a drawn sword insisting that his wishes be carried out. There is really no excuse for cutting or in any way curtailing the side or the bottom of a book. It is only the top that needs to be smoothed; for dust settles on the tops of books, and if these tops are irregular, the dirt cannot be removed readily and may even penetrate into the book itself. For this reason it is well to have the top shaved off slightly and gilt. Then when a book is taken down from an upper shelf, a puff of the breath will remove most of the dust from the top and a touch of the finger or a waft of the napkin or a chamois leather will take off the rest.

On the back of an ordinary half-bound, it is best, as has been said already, to put nothing but the lettering. The owner should always prescribe the form and order of this lettering, bearing in mind the fact that on the shelf the back only of the book is exposed, and that it should therefore furnish as much information as possible as to its contents, so that the book may not have to be taken down needlessly. First in importance are the title of the book and the name of the author. Next the number of the volume (if there be more than one) and an indication of the months and years of its first appearance (if it be a periodical). Lastly, down at the bottom should appear the date as it is given on the title page; and in many cases it is well to precede this with the place of publication. It is well not to be in a hurry to bind. No book should go into the binder's hands for at least a year after it is printed, as it takes that time for the ink to dry thoroughly. Two or three years, or even five years, are not too long to wait before binding a book filled with wood-cuts. And perhaps

this is as good a chance as any to advise that all inserted engravings, or plans or maps folded in the book, should be carefully mounted on muslin whenever the volume is bound, else they are sure to tear sooner or later and to wear away at the folds. It is well also to consider carefully whether a book ought to be bound at all or not. Don't waste a good binding on a poor book. There is no use in re-binding an old book when its worn binding had better be repaired. Old bindings are often very interesting; a contemporary binding is always more appropriate than a modern one; and it is advisable therefore to see if the binding cannot be restored. A skilful binder can accomplish marvels with a cover which seems hopeless to the eye of a layman. It is well to pause before putting a cloth-covered book into more substantial leather, for the stamp on the cloth-binding may be highly characteristic and demand preservation. As Hawthorne said, you may 'strip off the real skin of a book in order to put it into fine clothes.' This is the case with 'Madame Delphine,' already referred to, with the various editions of Walt Whitman's prose and poetry, and with very many other books. If this cloth or board or paper cover is slight and fragile, then the true book-lover has a morocco-case made in the semblance of a book, and in this box the precious volume may be kept, guarded from dust and heat and the profane eye. It is well to examine your books carefully as they come from the binders, and to see that they fulfil the conditions of a well-bound book. Mr. Matthews, one of the best and most artistic binders in America, recognizes four essentials in binding of the first class:

First, the book must open easily and remain open at any page.

Second, the mechanical finish of the leather must be perfect, showing no points where the leather is pierced at the corners.

Third, the design of the tooling must have merit and originality.

Fourth, the tooling must be clean-cut—and even the fine lines of gold follow exactly the lines of the tooling.

It is well also not to begrudge money for a fine piece of work. Good binding takes time and thought and skill; and these cannot be had for nothing. The best binding is the cheapest. Book-binding is one of the fine arts, and an artist will not work for the wages of a day-laborer. If you take advantage of every opportunity to examine bindings of a high order—if you seriously study them, you will soon see that there may be a vast difference between two books which look alike: one has been bound by a journeyman, the other by an artist. And the artist is worthy of his hire.

ARTHUR PENN.

Literature

"The Blockade and the Cruisers."*

THE success of the Scribners' series of Campaigns of the Civil War has very naturally led to the publication of a supplementary series relating to the operations of the Navy. It will consist of three volumes, the first of which has just appeared. The author is Professor Soley, who for several years was at the head of the Department of History and Law at the Naval Academy, and is widely known by his admirable report on systems of naval education in Europe as well as by several shorter memoirs on subjects in naval history. No better selection could possibly have been made, and his book well sustains his previous reputation and the expectations

* The Blockade and the Cruisers. By J. R. Soley, Professor U. S. N. (The Navy in the Civil War). New York: Scribner.

which were formed of it in advance. Professor Soley shows in a few words the condition of the Navy at the beginning of the war—small, but composed of the very best ships of that period, officered by men of natural ability and courage, who had grown rusty and in a measure effete by the stagnation of peace, seniority-promotion, and no retirements. The war revolutionized not only the whole method of naval warfare, but also, for a time, the methods of promotion, and the character of the officers. The Navy was increased nearly tenfold, both in ships and men, and it performed a feat absolutely without precedent or parallel, in effectively blockading a line of coast nearly three thousand miles in extent. It is chiefly of this blockade that Professor Soley writes—although his subject also includes the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac, since this arose from an effort of the latter to break the blockade at the mouth of the Chesapeake. This battle has been described over and again, in all its phases and results, so that nothing new can possibly be said on the subject; but the account here given will compare most favorably with any of its predecessors. Of the blockade, on the other hand, although every one has a general idea of its character and incidents, we believe that no concise and really accurate account has ever before been written—certainly none which tells the whole story so faithfully and in such small compass as this. It was a service of infinite labor and difficulty for the blockaders, and of slight danger, much excitement, and exorbitant profits to the blockade-runners. Here and there are stirring incidents, like the destruction of the Albemarle, the capture of the Atlanta, and the fights off Charleston; but in the main it was a tedious form of police duty. Its success was remarkable, notwithstanding the fact that there were regular trips made between Nassau and Wilmington, and even in the last year a majority of the attempts to enter the latter port were successful. Yet, sooner or later, the ships were all captured, and the great object of strangling the sources of Southern trade was fully accomplished. What success there was in running the blockade was due to the fact that it involved no personal danger but merely the possibility of financial loss. Professor Soley's question is worthy of most careful consideration, 'whether in a blockade so persistently broken as that of Wilmington, the ordinary rules of action for belligerent cruisers should not be modified, and vessels found in *flagrante delicto*, whether neutrals or not, be destroyed instead of being captured?' Nothing would so assist in rendering a blockade effective as to sink all vessels attempting to violate it, and to abolish prize-money, which is an anomaly in modern warfare.

The naval operations on the Confederate side were almost all comprised in the destruction of American commerce, and in a chapter called 'The Commerce Destroyers' we have a full account of the careers of the Alabama and her sister cruisers—which, as is clearly pointed out, were not pirates or privateers, but commissioned cruisers. We have no real ground of complaint against the Confederates for fitting out these vessels, though we had a just grievance against England for permitting them to be fitted out on her territory. All the naval incidents of the war which occurred away from the coast are included in this chapter. The seizure of Mason and Slidell, the capture of the Florida in the neutral port of Bahia, the battle in which the Hatteras was sunk by the Alabama, and that in which the Alabama was destroyed by the Kearsage, together with the depredations committed by the cruisers and the

efforts made to capture the latter—all these are lucidly described, and by a writer who adds a thorough knowledge of international law to his quasi-naval training. And, in conclusion, attention is called to the fact that great as were the accomplishments of the Navy during the Civil War, they were achieved against a Power which had no navy at all; that our Navy now is in a condition infinitely less effective than it was in 1861; and that the outbreak of a war with a strong naval Power could hardly be otherwise than disastrous.

Mrs. Carlyle's Letters.*

HERE is the record, given to the world, of all that can interest it in the domestic life of Thomas Carlyle and of Jane, his wife. It shows us Carlyle as he was, and as he was willing that men should know him. It extenuates nothing of his faults, paints him as Cromwell would be painted, with all his wrinkles. In the notes with which he accompanies the letters the ruggedness of his nature melts; his heart bursts into an ecstasy of love; and though there are those who find him selfish and mean, and who champion the cause of the wife in a perfervid, nay, in an almost scurrilous fashion, we say without hesitation, that, coming from the hand which sent it forth, it is a noble book, and sheds such illustration on the life of a great writer as nothing in this century had shed before.

The key to Mrs. Carlyle's letters is given by her in the following words, written on October 21, 1855: 'I remember Charles Buller saying of the Duchess of Praslin's murder, "What could a poor fellow do with a wife who kept a journal but murder her?" There is a certain truth hidden in this light remark. Your journal all about feelings aggravates whatever is factitious and morbid in you.' Her own letters illustrate her observation more than any letters which we have read. Whenever her heart is 'sore' she takes refuge in her diary or her correspondence. 'Dear, dear! what a sick day this has been with me. Oh, my mother, nobody sees when I am suffering now, and I have learnt to suffer "all to myself."' And in a day or two: 'I have been fretting inwardly all this day at the prospect of having to go and appeal before the Tax Commissioners at Kensington to-morrow morning.' And next morning: '*O me miseram!* Not one wink of sleep the whole night through, so great the "râle mental agony in my own inside" at the thought of the horrid appealing.' And soon after: 'I hardly ever begin to write here that I am not tempted to break out into Jobisms about my bad nights.' What man or woman among us, thus setting down his or her little worries, would not seem to be just as unhappy as Mrs. Carlyle?

She married Carlyle, not for love of the man, but for love of his genius. She wished to ride at his side in the chariot of fame. She was intoxicated by triumphs which left him cold; she took pleasure in the distinguished society into which they cast her. And if her own health was poor, what shall be said for that of her husband. 'She was in poor fluctuating health,' writes he, 'I in dismal continual wrestle with "Friedrich," the unexecutable book, the second of my twelve-years' wrestle in that element. My days were black and spiritually muddy; hers, too, very weak and dreamy.' Theirs was, indeed, not a life which nature had destined for great happiness. Each of Carlyle's books shattered his nervous system. 'I wrote the last paragraph of "The French Revolution,"' he tells us, 'in her presence one evening; probably with

* Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Prepared for publication by Thos. Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude. 2 vols. New York: Scribner.

a "Thank God, it is done, Jeannie," and then walked up the Gloucester Road towards Kensington way; don't remember coming back, or indeed anything quite distinct to me for three or four months afterwards." He was in a state of coma. Delivered of his masterwork he returns to his home, looking on the pretty Cumberland villages, an amphitheatre of fertile plains and airy mountains: 'What a changed meaning in all that! Tartarus itself and the pale kingdoms of Dis could not have been more preternatural to me. Most stern, gloomy, sad, grand, yet terrible, steeped in woe. This was my humor while in Annandale.' Who shall judge by ordinary standards the life of one subject to moods like this?

But of love for his wife, of overwhelming affection, drowning out all thoughts of self, there are traces everywhere. 'Of my darling's beautiful reception of me when I did return, all speech is inadequate, for now in my sad thoughts it is like a little glimpse of Heaven in this poor turbid earth. I am too unworthy of it; alas! how twice unworthy.' And if any think that his love ever wavered, let them read the epitaph which he wrote: 'For forty years she was the true and ever-loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life, as if gone out.'

Johns Hopkins University Publications.*

THESE publications, of which we have received three numbers, have essentially the same purpose as the publications of the several state historical societies, and the Antiquarian Society of Massachusetts; with this difference—that it is not proposed, apparently, to include old historical monographs long out of print, which those societies think it desirable to bring within the reach of the modern student. The 'studies' are to be, in part, original, and in part republications from current magazines, reports of learned societies, and similar papers worthy of being preserved in volumes devoted exclusively to American institutional history. The first number contains a brief account of Mr. Edward A. Freeman's visit to Baltimore; a briefer introduction to the proposed publication of studies of the local institutions of states, counties, and towns of the United States, by Dr. Freeman; and about twenty pages of extracts from an article by him upon his 'Impressions of America,' which the reader will probably regret was not copied in full. The other articles in the two other numbers are upon topics appropriate to the aim of the work, and for the most part well worth reading; but the reader will be puzzled to know why the table of contents does not name some of these while some are not published whose titles are there given. These, perhaps, are reserved for future numbers. So far, all of the articles, with the exception of two by Dr. Freeman in the first number, are by the editor, who brings to his work a good deal of enthusiasm, but, possibly, less originality of view than he seems to claim. That English institutions, English thought, and English characteristics should have been reproduced in what Dr. Freeman has called the third home of the English people, is not altogether a new discovery, interesting as it is to trace their development. On one point he will certainly find a good many who will not agree with him, and that is, that the 'Pilgrim Fathers' were not Puritans. He does not seem to be aware that this doctrine was the recent in-

vention of a dissenting clergyman in England, who wished to fix upon the Established Church the errors of Puritanism while claiming for those of his own belief the virtues of the separatists. To establish this as a dogma in regard to the early settlers of Massachusetts it is necessary to show that, to separate from the Church before leaving England, or not to separate from it till after reaching this country, constitutes a difference of religious belief in those who all alike became Congregationalists when settled in their new homes.

"The War Between Chile and Peru."*

MR. MARKHAM, author and translator of several works on Peru, has just published a history of the war along the South Pacific coast, between Peru and Bolivia on one side and Chile on the other. The book fills a niche hitherto unfilled. It tells of the unjust and cruel, disastrous and bloody war that has ruined the ancient Inca territory—that great part of Manco Capac's great empire. It speaks fairly of the race conquered by the Spaniard Pizarro, and liberated by San Martin and Bolivar. This war put to the test great energies, moral and material, on both sides. It caused the death of patriots like Grau, Espinar and Pratt, the destruction of the Peruvian navy, the annihilation of her commerce and growing industries, the wasting of her treasury. Peru lost not only her liberty but her national unity. Amid such calamities, she might at least have hoped that her voice would be heard by the outer world, so that she might be judged with fairness; but throughout this four-year's struggle, whether in victory or in rout, the cry of Chile alone has been audible. Almost all the news published here or in England has been of Chilean origin. The author of this book says truly, 'the facts have been supplied almost exclusively by one side,' and he has endeavored to make good this deficiency with such means as the disorganized and unsettled condition of the weaker side could afford. He adduces facts; he produces proofs; he aims to be impartial. He gives at the commencement of his work some slight but opportune chapters on the following subjects, so planned as to make the average reader sufficiently familiar with the ground he is to tread upon: 'Peru Under the Incas,' 'Peru Under Spanish Viceroy,' 'The War of Independence,' 'The Republics of Peru, Bolivia and Chile,' and 'The Naval and Military Strength of the Three Republics Before the War.'

In one of these chapters we find a few noteworthy errors. For instance, it is stated that the first President after the war for independence was General Lamar. The first ruler of the Peruvian nation after the Revolution of 1827 was Señor A. Riva Agüero, who was succeeded by General Lamar. Mr. Markham adds that Castilla was elected President in 1844. The elections did not take place until 1846; and Castilla remained in office until 1851, when the presidential term expired. Mr. Markham must have known that the presidential term was of six years' duration—a fact which is furthermore confirmed by the fact that Castilla's manifesto on leaving the Presidency bears the date of 1851, when he was succeeded by Señor José Rufino Echenique. There seems to be still another inaccuracy in the assertion that General Castilla retired from office (second term) in 1862, and was succeeded by General San Roman; and that the latter died in less than six months after assuming the Presidency. General San Roman came to be Presi-

* Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science. Baltimore: Herbert B. Adams, Editor.

* The War Between Chile and Peru—1879-'80. By Clements R. Markham. New York: R. Worthington.

dent in May, 1862 (having been elected in October, 1861), and died in April, 1863, that is, in eleven months, and not six, after he took his seat as President. Again, Mr. Markham speaks of 'a wretched military outbreak, in which the President, Balta, was killed, on July 26th, 1872.' Colonel Balta entered upon the Presidency on the 1st of May, 1868, was arrested during the military outbreak by Señor Tomás Gutierrez, and murdered in prison by Gutierrez's brother (Marcelino) on the 22d (not 26th) of July, 1872.

The book is, however, despite these slips, worthy of much praise; for it contains abundant material of real historical value.

"Geraldine Hawthorne."*

THE reader of 'Geraldine Hawthorne' has before him a rare pleasure. That it is by the author of 'Miss Molly' will excite in him pleasurable emotion of only the mildest kind, and he will take it up for half an hour three evenings in succession with a gentle sigh that much good literature should be a little dull. On the fourth evening, however, he will find himself suddenly interested, and at last absorbed. The scene is laid during the Revolution, and the plot is, we believe, unique, turning upon the desertion to the British of a young hero who—like Arnold—had been a particularly ardent 'rebel' until he felt his ambitious patriotism unappreciated by his superiors. There is sufficient plot and movement to interest the mere story-reader; but the true value of the book is in its study of the young wife's attitude toward the hero who has disappointed her. This, too, is unique. For Geraldine Hawthorne is neither a Romola—lofty, pure and cold, losing her love utterly as soon as it is touched with scorn, and by the very nobility of her own ideals alienating a husband conscious that he is not living up to them; nor is she a foolish little Tessa, or sentimental Dora Copperfield, or ignoble heroine of Mrs. Forrester or Mrs. Southworth, who would continue to love her lover to distraction whatever he might do. She is a woman of the noblest type, with the highest conceptions of love and duty, who judges, who condemns, who suffers, but who *does not reproach*. She joins her husband where he is living as a traitor not because she sympathizes with him, nor because she is in love with him, but because she is his wife. He is in no doubt as to her opinion of his action, but she never upbraids him. She accepts the situation, and so emphasizes the love which might have ebbed away that it is doubled. The keynote to the situation is in her reply to him, when he announces his intention of leaving her that their child may never know of his disgrace: 'Oh, Ralph! I would rather that she knew the crimes, and learned to see you facing the consequences.' As a plea against the horrors of separation or divorce, such a study of wifely devotion under difficulties is worth a hundred 'modern instances' of married misery.

Minor Notices.

IN 'Frontier Army Sketches' (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) Mr. James W. Steele tells some capital stories of New Mexico and Texas. The army officer, the Indian, the border ruffian, the prairie belle, the Mexican priest, the buffalo, the mule and the coyote—these and other characteristics well known to every one who has seen much of the life which just precedes civilization in the far West, are here described in a manner which would gain the writer the reputation of 'a rattling talker' around any camp-fire in the West. The stories all have a certain flavor of Bret Harte's genius, though much inferior to the best of Bret

Harte's writings. But, like the latter, these sketches give a life-like picture of the frontier, and serve to perpetuate the memory of a state of society, which, though somewhat unlovely, is yet full of unique and dramatic elements; and which must be caught in literature now, if ever; for a few years hence it will have passed away.—There are 776 periodicals published in Russia.

IN a study, with critical and explanatory notes, of Tennyson's 'The Princess' (Montreal: Dawson), Mr. S. E. Dawson undertakes to reverse the judgment long since entered by the best critics against the high value, as a work of art, of this poem. The world has heretofore found polish and beauty, exquisite gems of song, some delicate and airy creation of character, and a light, half-bantering, half-serious touch upon the 'woman-question' in this work of the Poet-Laureate, but instead of a 'harmony of sweet sounds' it has found a discordant and harsh fusion of elements which no amount of vocal polish would bring into accord. As a work of high art it has therefore been pretty generally judged to be a failure. Mr. Dawson's argument and analysis of the poem, while it is ingenious and shows a good deal of study as well as much cleverness and aptness in criticism, will hardly compass his purpose. It is the pleasing work of an enthusiast, who finds in Tennyson what is not there.

THE pretty cover, with its red and black lettering, of the Parchment Series (Appleton), is better adapted to none of the volumes in that charming collection than to the one just issued—'Gay's Fables,' with an Introduction by Austin Dobson. Facing the title-page is a portrait of the gentle poet, engraved by R. H. A. Willis from Sir Godfrey Kneller's hitherto-unengraved sketch in oils, in the National Portrait Gallery. Mr. Dobson is, of course, a kindly critic of his famous forerunner in the field of *vers-de-société*—his predecessor by a century and a half, born, as he himself was, in Devonshire, and like himself a preferer of town to country life. He has no harsh comment to make on the weakness of moral fibre which allowed Gay to become the pet and poodle of the Duchess of Queensbury. He was thoroughly kindly and affectionate, with just that touch of clinging in his nature, and of helplessness in his character, which, when it does not inspire contempt (and Gay's parts secured him from that), makes a man the spoiled child of men and the playfellow of women. He had his frailties, it is true; he was as indolent as Thomson; as fond of fine clothes as Goldsmith; as great a gourmand as La Fontaine. That he was also easily depressed and despondent was probably the result of his inactive life and his uncertain health. But, at his best, he must have been a delightfully equable and unobtrusive companion—invaluable for fêtes and gala days, and equally well adapted for the half-lights and unrestrained intercourse of familiar life.

Courses of Reading in Special Subjects.

Chemistry.

IN attempting to map out a course of reading in Chemistry, I should say at the outset that reading alone can do very little for one who really wishes to learn something about the science. The facts which the student must acquire before he can comprehend the principles which underlie them can only be learned by personal contact. A laboratory of some kind is essential to the student of Chemistry, even though his object be simply to gain a general knowledge of the subject, such as every scholar ought to have in this age of science. The experiments described in the text-books should, as far as possible, be repeated by the reader. This can be done more easily than many seem to think. A small stock of chemicals and apparatus and a small room are all that is needed. If these are at command, books may be thought of, but at first they should be used only to guide the work at the table. A short course with Eliot and Storer's 'Elementary Manual of Chemistry' (revised by W. R. Nichols), F. Jones's 'Junior Course of Practical Chemistry,' or Valentine's 'Lessons in Inorganic Chemistry' as the guide will do more to impart a real knowledge of chemical phenomena than any amount of reading, however conscientiously this may be done.

In the earlier part of his course the student should be

* Geraldine Hawthorne. By Beatrice M. Butt. Holt's Leisure Hour Series.

careful to avoid the various theories and hypotheses which nowadays play such prominent parts in the average text-books. These cannot be dealt with successfully without a solid foundation of facts. It is, indeed, a widespread custom to introduce these matters in the beginning of elementary text-books, but this custom cannot be too severely condemned. Avoid such books.

While pursuing the course above suggested, it would be well for the student to supplement the knowledge acquired in the laboratory by reading some standard text-book. The best one in the English language is the large 'Treatise on Chemistry' by Roscoe and Schorlemmer. Although it is large and apparently adapted chiefly to the wants of advanced students, any one with a comparatively limited knowledge of chemical facts can read it with pleasure and profit. Smaller books which may be used instead of that of Roscoe and Schorlemmer are those of J. E. Thorpe ('A Manual of Inorganic Chemistry'), and of W. A. Miller ('Introduction to the Study of Inorganic Chemistry').

Assuming that the first stage is passed, the subject of carbon and its compounds or what is commonly called Organic Chemistry presents itself. Here again laboratory work greatly facilitates the acquisition of knowledge, though I doubt whether it can be made profitable without the aid of a teacher. As an introduction to the subject the work of H. E. Armstrong ('The Chemistry of Carbon and its Compounds') will serve very well. The chief merit of the book is, that in it hypotheses are kept subject to facts. Of most of the many books on the subject which are in use the opposite is true, and they hence give an entirely wrong view. As not uncommonly taught, the chemistry of carbon and its compounds consists largely in a dogmatic presentation of formulas for which no reasons at all or, if any, only the most superficial are given. It should be emphasized that this is radically wrong. The impression left upon the mind of the student taught in this way must be that the subject is mainly a matter of revelation. Scientific thought is not cultivated by such treatment. The second part of the 'Treatise on Chemistry' (Organic Chemistry) by Roscoe and Schorlemmer is excellent, and should be used by those who wish to go further into the subject than Armstrong's book will lead them.

If now, after a fair general knowledge of the facts has been gained, it is desired to learn something about the prevailing theories which distinguish modern chemistry from the chemistry of twenty years ago, there are several books which may be read to advantage. Such are: 'The Atomic Theory,' by A. Würtz; 'Modern Chemistry,' by J. P. Cooke; 'Introduction to Modern Chemistry,' by A. W. Hofmann; and 'Theoretical Chemistry' (second edition in preparation), by Ira Remsen. There is, further, an excellent German book by Lothar Meyer, 'Die Modernen Theorien der Chemie,' but it is adapted only to the wants of advanced students. The 'theories,' as they are called, so far as they appear in chemical formulas, seem to be very fascinating to beginners, who, unless they are constantly warned of the danger, are led to the belief that they know what is meant by them. Now, while most of the formulas in use are founded upon reason, many are not—being simply products of the imagination, and very crude products at that. It should be the duty of every student to be on the alert to distinguish the true from the false. This can only be done by stopping at the first 'structural' or 'constitutional' formula presented and asking exactly what it means, and continuing this process until the relations between the facts and formulas become clear.

Of historical works, the introductions to the first and second parts of the 'Treatise' by Roscoe and Schorlemmer, and Würtz's 'History of Chemical Theories' (translated) are instructive, though not quite satisfactory. There is no really good history of chemistry in English. In German we have Kopp's elaborate 'Geschichte der Chemie,' in four volumes, and Ladenburg's 'Entwicklungsgeschichte der Chemie in den Letzten Hundert Jahren.'

If any one will follow some such course as that above described, he will, I am sure, be in good condition to understand the drift of chemical thought at the present day. The list of books recommended is short, but it was my purpose to give such advice as might reasonably be followed, and not to give directions for the purchase of a chemical library. I have purposely left out all books relating to special processes, to methods of analysis, and to applications of Chemistry to the arts. I have had in mind not those who want to become chemists, but those who are included under the head of 'general readers,' and who want Chemistry as a part of their education. For such, books on chemical analysis would be of very little value. The same may be said of books on industrial chemistry. It seems to me, further, that no reference need be made to special works on Agricultural and Physiological Chemistry. These can be read intelligently only by those who are fairly well versed in general Chemistry, and for such this article is not written.

IRA REMSEN.

Peter Cooper and the Art-Schools.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

THE brief space and short time that are allowed for a communication on Mr. Cooper's relations to the Art-Schools of the Cooper Union will preclude anything but a very slight sketch. For many years, ever since I have been the head of the Woman's Art-School, Mr. Cooper's familiar form might be seen almost daily, in the first few years, and less often of later times, wandering about the class-rooms. So much has been said of his genial and benevolent manners that it is nearly superfluous to speak of that sunny, cheerful and cheering presence, alike inspiring to pupils and teachers. All the world of New York remembers it well, and none have better cause to bear it in memory, than the women of the Cooper Institute.

In the early morning, generally not later than ten o'clock, Mr. Cooper came quietly into the office of the Art-School. He had walked up the long flights of stairs from choice, and it was not till lately, when his failing strength made this too fatiguing, that he was willing to use the elevator. In many visits he was entirely alone when he entered the long corridor on the west side of the school, and paused here and there to observe the work of the pupils. Often he told me not to leave off my lessons. 'I do not want to interrupt anything,' he said; and, after looking about, disappeared as silently as he had come in. At other times he brought guests to view the building in its various departments; and with such people as the Empress of Brazil, Earl Grosvenor, or Dean Stanley on his arm, walked about, gently and simply telling them his objects in connection with the school. 'My only desire is to fit these young women to get a decent and respectable living,' he would say; and as he came to the photograph-classes, he explained to strangers how the pupils often supported themselves by the very portraits which they were studying. In the portrait-class he paused with cheerful pride, to point out the model from whom this large class were drawing.

He called on me to explain the engraving-blocks and the objects of the painting-class, and then took his guests away to other sections of the building. Many a time I was sent for to the school office because Mr. Cooper wished to see me. He was nearly always standing, and generally had some girl or woman by his side. After his pleasant greeting, his kindly grasp of the hand, and his courteous introduction of his companion to me as 'the lady who presided over this department,' he told me that if I could make a place for her he wished I would do so, but that I must not break the rules. He had met her coming up the stairs to see if she could become a pupil; and now and then, in an aside, he related a pathetic story and expressed his desire that the case should have very special attention.

Other days when he was there, it was to talk over his plans and purposes about the pupils. 'I wish I could have more of them, and I shall, by and by, when we have more space,' he said, as he viewed the crowded alcoves. Often on these visits pleasant incidents were told him, of pupils who were started well in life in their profession as teachers, or decorators, or in other branches; and many a day when his step was languid and his head drooping as he entered, new life and strength came into him at the story of some widow who was now able to earn a good living for herself and her children; some orphan whom her art-education had placed happily, or other incident which showed that, through his instrumentality, suffering had given place to peace and happiness. He seemed to breathe freer and deeper, his eye lighted up, and his step was stronger, even to the time of his very last visit to the school.

The improvements about the rooms afforded him great satisfaction. He brought in his faithful friend, his good janitor, on whom he greatly relied, both for his devotion and excellence of character, and also for his inventive and practical mind. 'If you can see a way to make any improvement,' he told us, 'be sure and let me know.' 'I think the elevator is as good as it can be,' he said as he stood waiting, when the electric bell had summoned this finest 'lift' from the basement or the top floor—a piece of machinery over which he had watched many a long month during its careful construction. The sight of the fine east corridor, with its beautiful casts, filled him with special satisfaction. Here he often paused, and leaning back exclaimed: 'These rooms were never so good before. I think they are just what they should be for school-rooms—if only we could have more space.' He had put in new and costly ventilators at my desire, to have freer air in the school-rooms. Little swinging windows afforded a better circulation; and his devoted heart never lingered if he saw he could increase the comfort, or secure a larger improvement of the class. His willingness to give was his shield, as far as the Art-School was concerned. None but really necessary changes were suggested to him, and even these were almost always first mentioned to the Trustees.

Mr. Cooper did not care much for art in itself, and I was often astonished to reflect on his practical mind, which so many years ago had perceived that this branch of culture contained so much which might be useful for women in self-maintenance.

COOPER INSTITUTE, Apl. 9, 1883. SUSAN N. CARTER.]

Catalogues for Small Libraries.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Will you endeavor to gratify my curiosity by asking Arthur Penn why a collection of a hundred books should

be catalogued? It seems to me that Arthur Penn's 'Hints' in THE CRITIC are not intended for any one who would refer to a catalogue for information concerning his own books, if they numbered less than a thousand.

NEW YORK, March 31, 1883.

E. R. DARE.

[The 'Hints' were intended for all who knew how to read and write. A hundred books are not so few as our correspondent seems to think. Moreover, when a hundred volumes are once gathered together, the probability is, that they will grow in number rapidly and unceasingly. And the first hundred having been assembled, it is well to begin the roll-call.]

A Greek Rip van Winkle.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

THE recent issue of the Irving Centenary number of THE CRITIC opens the way for a question, which some of its readers may be able to answer, about one of Washington Irving's most celebrated stories. Is it anywhere intimated in the Life or writings of Irving, that the *motif* of his 'Rip van Winkle' had its origin in a Greek fable given by Diogenes Laërtius in his Life of the ancient philosopher, Epimenides? All tolerably well-read scholars know that Laërtius wrote his 'Lives and Opinions of the Eminent Philosophers' somewhere about the 11d century of our era; and Epimenides is supposed to have flourished six centuries B.C. The passage to which reference is had, is as follows:

'Once, when Epimenides was sent by his father into the fields, to look for a sheep, he turned out of the road at mid-day, and lay down in a certain cave, and fell asleep; and there he slept for fifty-seven years. After that, when he awoke, he went on looking for the sheep, thinking that he had only taken a short nap. But as he could not find it, he went on to the field. There he found everything changed, and the estate in another person's possession. So he came back again to the city in great perplexity; and as he was going into his own house, he met some people who asked him who he was; and at last he found his younger brother, who had now become an old man, and from him he learned all the truth.'

Here, surely, is a very direct suggestion of Rip van Winkle's twenty-years' sleep. If the fable had met Irving's eye the fact would in no way disturb the originality of the modern creation. If it had not, the coincidence is a curious one. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

LEXINGTON, VA., April 7, 1883.

The Irving-Motto Letter.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The unpublished letter of Irving printed in your Irving Centenary number bears date 'Dec. 27th, 1857,' while the letter printed in your last issue, in which Irving refers to the earlier note, is dated 'May 30, 1852.' One or the other of these dates must be incorrect. Which one is it?

ALTOONA, PA., April 9, 1883.

G. V. M.

[The first of the two letters was probably written in 1851. In the manuscript, however, the upper part of the 5 is so connected with the 1 as to give the latter figure the appearance of a 7.]

Irving Bibliography.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In examining your admirable 'Bibliography of Irving,' I do not find mentioned the 'Berlin edition' of the Sketch-Book, to which the late George Washington Greene refers in his 'Biographical Studies' (p. 157). I mention this by no means in the way of criticism for you ex-

pressly state that this 'is not intended as a complete or authoritative list,' but simply because you may be interested to know of it.

WILLIAM E. FOSTER.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 4, 1883.

Stage-Names.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

Referring to an article entitled 'False Pseudonyms' that appeared in your issue of February 10th, I wonder who is your authority for the statement that 'Lawrence Barrett bears his own name.' Don't we all know his father and his brother, and is not their name Brannigan? You might as well tell us that W. Jermyn Florence (that is how he registered himself in London, I believe,) did not gain juvenile fame in the Sixth Ward in his own name of Billy Flaherty, or that Colonel John T. Raymond was not christened Thaddeus O'Brien after a long line of Norman ancestors. But what does it matter? The Great [Henry] Irving's patronymic is Broadribb, and the late J. C. Montesquieu Bellew rejoiced in the ancient name of Higgins!

LONDON, 28, 1883.

HORACE V. CHESSYRE.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

The author of 'Swiss Letters and Alpine Sketches' was not Mrs. Havergal. Frances Ridley Havergal was unmarried.

BOSTON, March 28, 1883.

S. L. A.

"The Marshes of Glynn."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

Can you tell me the author of a poem called 'The Marshes of Glynn?' It appeared in 'A Masque of Poets'—one of the No Name Series.

ST. LOUIS, March 28, 1883.

A. C. R.

['The Marshes of Glynn' was written by the late Sidney Lanier.]

Colorado's Library.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

Colorado became a state in 1876, hence there is no 'Territorial Library' in Denver.

JOS. C. SHATTUCK, State Librarian (Ex-officio.)

DENVER, COL., March 22, 1883.

Uncut Edges.

MR. O. B. BUNCE, we presume it is, who in *Appleton's Literary Bulletin* makes so strong a plea for uncut pages of books. He says :

'Every one who is accustomed to see the folded sheets of a book before it is bound, and the same sheets after they have been squeezed, crushed, and subjected to the butchering knife of the binder, must feel, if he possesses a sense of beauty, that a certain very inviting quality in the page has been extinguished. The most accomplished book-maker in this country once remarked to the writer that, in comparing cut and uncut copies of the same edition of a book, he found a difference which he was utterly unable to account for—the paper, the ink, the printing, everything about the uncut copies seemed so much superior. Now, the writer has made this test many times, and it never fails. To him a cut book is always despoiled of something. It is necessary, of course, for publishers to send out books with cut edges; but it is always done, in his judgment, at the sacrifice of certain elements of beauty. In all cases where utility is the first consideration, let the edges be trimmed; in all other cases, where it is permissible to consider style and beauty, to consider things that invite and charm the eye, let the edges be left untrimmed. Even when books are bound in leather, if the tops only are cut and gilded, and the side and bottom margins left untouched, the effect is very much better.'

Mr. Foster should not omit, in his 'Bibliography of Skating,' in *The Bibliographer*, to include Mrs. Dodge's admirable 'Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates.'

The Critic

NEW YORK, APRIL 14, 1883.

THE space gained by the omission of the departments of Literature, Home and Society, and The World's Work, long familiar to the readers of *The Century*, will be utilized for the accommodation, not merely of a greater number of 'body-articles,' but of a new department, 'not necessarily regular in its appearance,' to be called Open Letters, which will be filled with 'brief and pithy signed essays on all subjects.' In the May number—the first in which the new department will appear—there will be Open Letters on the late Dr. Bacon and the Abolitionists, culture in New England villages, Miss Lazarus's advocacy of a separate Jewish nationality, and higher education for women—the last a humorous skit. Topics of the Time and Bric-à-Brac will not be affected by the dropping of the other three departments.

In his sketch of the late Anthony Trollope in the May *Harper's*, Mr. Walter H. Pollock speaks of two of the early novels of Mr. Trollope which have escaped his biographers, 'Nina Balatka' and 'Linda Tressell.' They appeared anonymously in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and while they were being published were ascribed to Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope. Mr. Pollock tells us that Anthony Trollope could sit down in his writing-chair at a given time and get up from it at a given time without ever interrupting the passage of his pen across the paper, and knowing when he got up exactly how many printed pages would be filled with what he had written. When publishers called to see him about a novel from his pen, he would open several drawers in his writing-desk, each containing a work written in the way above described, and give them their choice. Though he worked in this mechanical way when he was laying out the plan of a book, he had the characters continually in his mind, and thought of nothing else until they were all on paper.

Thurlow Weed's autobiography, edited by his daughter, is now going through the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and will be published about the last of May. The Memoirs by his son are under way. We have seen specimen pages of the édition-de-luxe of Emerson which this house are about to publish. It has a smaller page than that of the Hawthorne, but the type is clearer and better spaced, and the margins are wider. The edition will be complete in eleven volumes, two of which will contain entirely new matter. But 500 sets will be printed. Three-fourths of this number have been subscribed for already at the New York branch of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The publishers have learned wisdom since publishing their édition-de-luxe of Hawthorne, which was limited to 250 sets. They could have sold twice as many without effort.

'The Housekeeper's Year-Book' is a useful little volume prepared by Helen Campbell, and published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert. On one page are instructions or hints for each day's work, and the opposite page is left blank for accounts. The plan is simple, and is to be commended for the reason that it may induce careless housekeepers to give closer attention to their duties.

Mr. Swinburne, we learn from *The Athenæum*, has ready for the press a volume of poems on a variety of subjects. It will be called 'A Century of Roundels.'

Mr. Whittaker has made arrangements with Houghton, Mifflin & Co. by which he will be able to sell here an English book, entitled 'Five Minutes' Daily Readings of Poetry,' which contains a number of copyrighted poems by Longfellow.

The Magazine of American History has taken a new lease of life, having been sold by A. S. Barnes & Co to The Historical Publishing Co., No. 30 Lafayette Place, by whom it will be issued on the first of every month. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, author of 'The History of the City of New York,' has taken editorial charge of the magazine, and will bring to bear upon its conduct all her historical research and enthusiasm. The May number will be the first issued under her editorship.

Messrs. Scribner & Welford are the American agents for Mr. G. A. Audsley's 'Ornamental Arts of Japan.'

'The Lie as an Element of Modern Art' is discussed in a six-page article in *The Studio* of March 31. The effect upon trade of a universal and immediate renunciation of humbug, the writer thinks, would be 'simple paralysis.'

Twelve hundred competitors for Harper's \$3000 art prize have already entered the lists. The most are from New York; then come Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, and the South.

Mr. Austin Dobson's 'Fielding' will be published by Harper & Bros. as the next issue in the English Men-of-Letters Series, Mrs. Oliphant's 'Sheridan' having been delayed. Miss Woolson's 'For the Major,' which is considered by many persons to be her most successful literary effort, will be published in book-form in a few days.

'Cecil Dreeme,' Theodore Winthrop's most popular novel, will be added to Holt's Leisure Moment Series. This firm will publish next week Dr. Freeman's new volume on America.

It is proposed to tender a banquet to Signor Salvini, as a tribute of respect and admiration for his pre-eminent genius as an artist, and more especially for his masterly interpretations of Shakespeare. Mr. Joseph H. Choate will preside, and among those who have already signified their wish to take part in this testimonial are Messrs. Lawrence Barrett, Samuel L. Clemens, Charles P. Daly, Henry James, Eastman Johnson and Charles Dudley Warner. The dinner will be given in the evening of Thursday, April 26th, at the Hotel Brunswick.

The first illustrated account of the new opera house in Seventh Avenue will appear in an early number of *Harper's Magazine*.

'Richard II.' and Parts I. and II. of 'Henry IV.' have been added, in one volume, to Appleton's Parchment Shakespeare.

In a very interesting paper on 'The Church Ceremony of Marriage,' in the April *Antiquary* (Bouton), Mr. G. B. Leathorn asserts that 'there is no ceremony now under the sanction of the Church that has retained so many of its archaic characteristics as the marriage ceremony.' In this, as in many other branches of church ritual, he maintains, Christian life has borrowed from early pagan life.

Lovers of good acting will be pleased to know that Mme. Modjeska is playing a round of her best parts at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It is probable that she will appear as 'Mary Stuart' before the end of her engagement. As this was one of her most successful representations in London, her appearance in the part here is awaited with interest.

Messrs. Appleton will publish this week the 'Retrospect of a Long Life,' by S. C. Hall. 'Man before Metals' will form the next volume in the International Scientific Series. 'French Lyrics,' collected by George Saintsbury, are nearly ready in the Parchment Series. Among early issues in this series will be 'Poems by Alfred Tennyson,' in two volumes, which will contain all that was published in the original two volumes by Mr. Tennyson, together with a few early poems and sonnets not then published, and 'Tithonus,' which appeared first in the *Cornhill Magazine*, in 1860.

Dr. Felix L. Oswald will begin in the May number of *The Popular Science Monthly* a series of papers on 'The Remedies of Nature for the Principal Disorders of the Human Organism.' The first paper will be on consumption.

Mr. Charles deKay is editing the poems of a young Creole of Louisiana, named Barnaval, who recently died in New York. 'The Love-Poems of Louis Barnaval' will be a small octavo of 250 pages, and contain a biographical sketch, by the editor, of a short but very interesting career.

The new volume of Mr. T. B. Aldrich's prose writings from the magazines will appear during the present month under the alliterative title 'From Ponkapog to Pesth.'

'Hot Plowshares,' Judge Tourgée's new novel, which has been running as a serial in *The Continent*, will be issued by Fords, Howard & Hulbert about the end of the month.

The publishers of the Pennsylvania periodical which advertised a reward for a correct answer to the question, How many verses are there in the New Testament? write to say that the answer, 23,214, quoted in *THE CRITIC* of March 31, is incorrect.

Prof. A. S. Hardy, of Dartmouth, sails for Europe next week, to be gone for five months.

Dr. William A. Hammond has written 'A Treatise on Insanity,' which will be published by D. Appleton & Co. about the 1st of May. It will fill a volume of about 750 pages, and will be illustrated with woodcuts and autotype representations of the various types of mental derangement.

Dr. O. W. Holmes will write of Emerson for the American Men-of-Letters Series, Mr. John Bigelow of Bryant, and Mr. J. R. G. Hassard of Bayard Taylor.

The portrait of Mr. George Du Maurier, which will accompany Mr. Henry James's article on 'Du Maurier and English Society,' in the May *Century*, shows the immortalizer of the æsthete and the delineator of the manifold weaknesses of London society to be an amiable looking young man, with the mustache of a Frenchman and the dress of a Briton. Mr. James's paper is what might be expected of its author on such a congenial subject. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's novelette, 'At Teague Poteet's,' will be begun in this number. There is a great deal of dialect in it, but not that of the negro, by which he has made his reputation.

THE last annual report of the Metropolitan Museum of Art spoke in glowing terms of the prosperity of the Museum; and that portion of the newspaper press which had espoused the cause of the Trustees and their Director waved this statement triumphantly in the faces of those who had predicted the decline of the Museum under its present management. It had been accepted as a proof of popular confidence in Col. Di Cesnola and his supporters, that the wealthier citizens of New York had never ceased to contribute to the maintenance of the Museum. In view of the clamorous protests against the Director's methods which have broken forth from time to time, it was felt that there must at least be two sides to the question, when so many persons, not in the habit of squandering their money, were ready to back him up in the most practical and substantial manner. But now it seems that the annual report which has given so much satisfaction to Col. Di Cesnola's adherents, and has proved a stumbling-block in the path of his opponents, was rose-colored—that the Museum is not in a prosperous condition, but quite the reverse, and that its prospects are most discouraging.

This is the way Col. Di Cesnola states the case in an interview reported last week in *The Mail and Express*: 'The Metropolitan Museum is simply existing when it should be forging well to the fore of all its rivals in the world. . . . We find, in answer to all our appeals for aid, a silence that is not alone disheartening but really demoralizing.' And 'one of the best known of the Trustees of the Museum' is reported as saying: 'The Museum is, however, poor. We can make no additions to our collections, because we have no money. . . . We are wearied of running to Albany for appropriations. . . . We cannot go about the city among our wealthy men and ask them to leave us something when they die. We can only wait and trust.' Both the Director and the Trustee insisted upon the necessity of increased accommodations, and the former promised that unless prompt aid were forthcoming from the City or the State, the Trustees would take their treasures to a building of their own, and 'bid the politicians at Albany and in the City Hall a long but not affectionate farewell.' 'I am making no wild or unfounded threat in this,' Colonel Di Cesnola is reported to have said, 'but one which is substantiated by facts.' And the Trustee also is quoted as having declared that it would not in the least surprise him to have the Museum 'change buildings.'

THE authorities of Columbia College have recently made a statement of the financial condition of that institution, and President Barnard, supplementing the figures with a provisional estimate of the future wants of the College, makes an appeal to our merchant-princes for an increased endowment fund, with a view to the expansion of what is now unfortunately but a

local seminary into a university of national value. This appeal should find favor with the rich and the cultivated alike—with the citizen of New York, who cherishes our local repute, and with those innumerable aliens, who, residing here for the purposes of trade, or comfort, or enjoyment, have a becoming pride in the city as the American metropolis.

All men naturally like to see the head contain the brains, and New York is confessedly the head of our cities in point of wealth, population, and business activity; of foreign attraction and most that makes a great metropolis. There are ganglionic centres elsewhere—Boston, for culture; Cincinnati, for pork; San Francisco, for the yellow gleam of raw gold. But what a broker would call the 'ticker' of the system is with us. Thus far, unfortunately, it has been only too literally the 'ticker.' The electricity of the national life flows directly by a thousand converging lines to New York. Here the wires of the world deliver their message of traffic, which is heard day and night, above all other audible sounds—a restless, persistent, terrible 'click, click,' telling of material progress and accumulation. The metropolitan sleep is disturbed by every change in the financial atmosphere of the world. But this utterance of the wires is of business alone. There is no note of rest, of serenity, of philosophical balance in it. There is excitement, but no fixed provision for healthful intellectual refreshment, no tendency to co-ordinate the activities of life and give them a serene and powerful master. All the conditions of society are electrical; and yet heaven and the chemist alone know how disorganizing electricity is. We need here, more than any city in the world needs it, a reposeful learning—a lifting, steadying, civilizing power. Let it be critical, epexegetical, analytical, or constructive—and it should possess all these qualities in turn—anything to bring the past in review before the present, and to make it possible to study the present in the light of the past.

It is only a few years since we spent nine million dollars on the Boulevards for the fast trotters of the metropolis, and we trusted the spending of it to our Tweeds and Connollys. Can we not now find four millions to be laid out on the royal road of learning, and trust the spending of it to an old and honored institution which has for more than a century been doing good work for us, and now takes a new lease of life under fresh auspices and with a promise that bodes well for the city? This institution has in its service already some of the best trained scholars in America. It has shown itself wide-awake by establishing one of the best law-schools and probably the best school-of-mines in the land. The professors are not merely students: they are men who circulate wherever anything good is to be found in society and business. They feel the pulses of the new life as well as of the old. They hear the 'ticker' even—which we must recognize as a necessity of life; but their eyes have not yet become dim to the value of the inscriptions on the temples of Assos. They are men who look in all directions for good, and are sufficiently accordant in the central purpose of accumulating knowledge to be discordant in their separate methods of increasing it. Let these men have the money they want, and in the spending of it let them be held to a generous course—generous toward women as well as toward men. Let them be expected to find a way to keep our girls at home and cultivated, as well as modest and pure, so that they need not be left in the dark nor yet in the mud. Let them find a method of training our young men so well that they need not study the

moralties in Vienna, nor the physical sciences at the Mabilite in Paris. Let them set the college at the head of the schools of art and architecture, which are now outstripping her in the race of improvement. Let them do something for music, for poetry, for history, for criticism; something for the better training of journalists, where journalism is more maddening than the morning coffee, the mid-day opium, or the evening champagne. Let them put a stronger hand on the publishing-houses and the literary class—the source of what books we have. We need all this intellectual guidance, and the strong influence which we could get from a sound, broad university. As for the old-time narrowness of Columbia, we may trust the conflicting interests of learning to keep her from the old ruts—and trust them all the more, if we make her courses broad enough. The university life is a great solvent of the crusts of creeds, and notably so in large cities. Let Columbia have the four millions she wishes, and bind her to a generous action with it.

FRENCH NOTES.

THE second volume of Maxime du Camp's 'Souvenirs Littéraires' has been published in Paris by Hachette. It contains chapters on Bouilhet, Flaubert, Cormenin, George Sand, De Musset, and other stars in the literary Pleiad of the past twenty years. It has also interesting reminiscences of the Franco-German war. When the Emperor abdicated, the author heard a boot-maker say: 'I shall illuminate to-night.' 'Friend,' said he, 'while a Prussian remains in France, keep your lamps under lock and key.' 'Sir,' replied the boot-maker, 'when the Prussians hear of our domestic victory, they will hasten home.' Whereupon the narrator says he cried like a child. 'There is nothing so criminal,' said the Count de Montrond, 'as stupidity.'

M. Albert Bataille, the law reporter of the *Figaro*, has published a collection of celebrated trials under the title, 'Causes Criminelles et Mondaines en 1882' (Dentu). It includes such notorious cases as those of the two duchesses, the Fenayrou murder, the trial of the anarchists, the prosecution of the directors of the Union Générale, the investigation of the duel between MM. Dichard and Massas, and the hearing of the great Peltzer case at Brussels.

M. Robert de Bonnières, known to readers of the *Figaro* as 'Janus,' follows M. Bataille's lead and puts together the biographical articles which he has contributed to that journal. The book is called 'Mémoires d'Aujourd'hui' (Ollendorf).—M. Alexander Parodi, author of the tragedy 'Rome Vaincue,' which Sarah Bernhardt used to play at the Théâtre Français, has put forth some meditations on atheism, spiritualism, deism, and the like, under the title 'Cris de la Chair et de l'Âme' (Dentu).

Among medical works the most curious are 'Voltaire Malade' (Marpon-Flammarion), in which Dr. Roger studies the hypochondriacal tendencies of the author of 'Candide'; and 'Etude sur l'Etat Mentale de J. J. Rousseau' (Plon), in which M. Bougault considers the mania entertained by the author of the 'Contrat Social,' that a vast plot was organized against his person and his reputation.

Mr. F. W. Christern, of this city, sends us a pamphlet, entitled 'Nos Rapports Politiques,' by J. Raganneau—a treatise on the forms and principles of republican government in France.

GERMAN NOTES.

ERNST DOHM, a Berlin journalist, prominent for many years in the pages of *Kladderadatsch*, the comic paper which has held a position of political importance since 1848, died in February. He was known as the author of an excellent metrical translation of the fables of La Fontaine, and as the translator from the Italian of some of Farina's novels.—A paper by Dr. F. von Holtzendorff, published some time since in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, on 'Political and Ordinary Murder in the United States of North America,' called forth a contradiction of the facts stated from an anonymous correspondent in America. Dr. von Holtzendorff, in the current number of the *Rundschau*,

appears with a re-affirmation of his statements, as supported by a series of articles on Southern homicide which have appeared in the New York *Nation*. Dr. von Holtzendorff also quotes from a letter received from Carl Schurz on the subject, alluding to a book by a Mr. Redfield, of which the German writer has made use in his researches into the peculiarities of American life.—An important work will shortly be published by Brockhaus, of Leipzig, namely, 'The System of the Vedanta,' a compendium of the doctrine of Brahminism, by Dr. Paul Deussen of the University of Berlin.—'German History in the XIXth Century,' a valuable work by Heinrich von Treitschke, has appeared in Leipzig.—Henry Lansdell's 'Through Siberia,' in an authorized German translation, finds favor in the sight of the reviewer in the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung* for March 17th, especially with regard to his optimistic views on the question of Russian prisons, so energetically combatted by Prince Krapotkin in the English periodical press.—'Contributions to the Art History of the Netherlands,' by Herman Riegel, is a valuable work recently published in Berlin.—A metrical translation from the Persian, 'Saadis Bostan,' found among the papers of the poet Friedrich Rückert, has appeared in Leipzig.—A study of 'Goethe's Relation to Klopstock,' by Otto Lyon, has been published in the same city.—An ingenious German, by name Karl Dietrich, has appeared with a commentary on 'Hamlet,' in which, among many amusing misapprehensions of language, he endeavors to prove that the leading idea of the play is not the duty of revenge by bloodshed, but that it turns upon the fact that the kingdom of Denmark was wrongfully gained by Hamlet's father in a duel with old Fortinbras, and is to be taken away from the usurping dynasty by the workings of destiny, of which Hamlet himself is simply the instrument. The name 'Hamlet' is supposed to mean 'High Constable.' The book is being seriously reviewed in Germany.—A poem called 'Tanagra' (inspired by the contemplation of the Tanagra statuettes), by Gottfried Kinkel, recently deceased, has just appeared in Germany.—The first number of an international publication for universal philology and the science of speech, to be issued in half yearly parts, will shortly appear in Leipzig. Max Müller is among the contributors.—'The Adoration of the Virgin in the Earliest Centuries,' dwelling particularly on the personality of the Virgin in its relation to art, a valuable work by Dr. F. A. von Lehner, Director of the Hohenzollern Museum in Sigmaringen, is reviewed at length in the March number of the *Deutsche Rundschau*.

The Fine Arts

Mr. Avery's Breton, Munkacsy and Delort.

MR. AVERY has not only brought over here Jules Breton's fine painting, 'Evening in a Hamlet of Finisterre,' but (perhaps knowing by experience the necessity for doing so) has also been at the trouble to translate and print quite a little volume of criticisms upon the picture, taken from various French periodicals. The criticisms are as curious as the picture is beautiful. It is evident that the Parisian journalists, however they may admire Breton's work, do not sympathize with him in his choice of subject or in his manner of regarding it. They call the houses 'tumble-down,' the walls 'leprous,' the old women in the foreground are 'like witches.' They all find the painting to be 'melancholy' and 'poetic.' There are all sorts of opinions about Breton's drawing and painting. Some rate him higher than Millet. Others will allow him to have only a mediocre talent. The picture shows the outskirts of a small village at twilight, with a three-quarters-full moon just beginning to show itself in the sky over the slate roof of a particularly substantial looking cottage. In the roadway in front is a group of old women apparently whispering among themselves about a younger woman who is in the group but is paying no attention to what the others are saying. She is watching a pair of lovers who are leaning against a wall farther off. There is here a little drama, appropriately set, and of a more or less poetic

character; but it is not at all apparent that the painter was consciously poetizing when he was at work at it. The amount of the poetic that is here reflected is an every-day element of Celtic life. To the average Parisian it may be a great deal; but in Brittany, we have no doubt, the very pigs and the black cats that M. Breton has so truthfully introduced would find themselves unable to exist without it. The painter has simply rendered with great delicacy the sentiment peculiar to the country and the hour. He has done this in the most legitimate and most easily understood manner, by painting forms and colors as they are. His coloring is especially tender and 'local.' The drawing is not up to the usual French standard. The painting is not as strong as Millet's. Neither is M. Breton's sentiment as strong as Millet's feeling. It is honest, natural, grave, refined; but not very deep.

Mr. Avery has secured in addition to this an important painting by Munkacsy—'The Studio;' and the 'Capture of the Dutch Fleet,' by Delort, which gained the painter a gold medal at the Salon of 1882. This last is quite a large picture, and represents an episode in the wars of the First Republic, when, in consequence of a hard frost, the French cavalry were enabled to take prisoners the crews of the Dutch men-of-war held fast in the ice. There are a great many figures, and both these and the landscape and vessels are very well done.

The Drama

Of all the pretty plays which have been seen on the boards of the Madison Square Theatre, 'A Russian Honeymoon,' by Mrs. Burton N. Harrison, is the prettiest. In literary workmanship unusually delicate, in action, rapid and strong, it charms by the feminine qualities which marked 'Esmeralda' and by the more masculine qualities which marked 'Young Mrs. Winthrop.' Mrs. Harrison, that is to say, has wrought with artistic skill upon a theme given to her by a master of stage-craft, Eugène Scribe. That which is feminine in the play is hers, that which is masculine is his, and it is from the womanly touches that the piece will draw its tranquil and honorable success.

As a picture of Russian peasant-life the art of the stage-manager and scene-painter have given it singular beauty. In setting their plays on the boards the managers of the Madison Square stand unrivalled: they are not content with a lavish expenditure, as is the custom of inferior houses; they make a point of artistic fitness rather than of gaudy show. Consequently, in the new piece, Mr. David Belasco, whose skilled hand can be traced through all the details, presents a Russian interior which is astonishingly natural. The samovar hums on the table. The lamp burns under the Virgin's picture. The wolf-skin is nailed to the wall. High up above the stove, covered with sheepskins lies the master of the house, idly smoking while the women do the work. Outside, the snow is falling in thick flakes; inside, the log-fire is roaring lustily. Wedding bells are chiming; men and maidens, too lightly clad, are marching in gay procession to church; while an old green parrot stands solemnly at the window, thinking of the better days which he has seen in the conservatory of some great lady at St. Petersburg.

The story of the play has been often told. Poleska de Fermstein is the daughter of an Austrian officer, stationed at Buda-Pesth. There she is wooed by a youth who is known as Gustave, Count Worofski, and who tells her that he is about to enter with his sister, the Baroness Vladimir, upon an estate in Russian Poland.

Poleska is ambitious, worldly, headstrong : she marries Gustave for his rank and possessions ; she comes to his estate and finds him in peasant's dress, working as a journeyman shoemaker. He tells her that he is Alexis the serf, having married her on a false pretence, and that she, being his wife, is a serf, too. He sets her to sew and to spin ; he tames her as Petruchio tamed Katharine. By appealing to his sister, the Baroness Vladimir, she has him arrested, obtains an order of separation, and, having obtained it, repents, declares that though her husband is a serf she cannot leave him, and finally sees Gustave appear in his true character, and is folded in his arms. Love has conquered pride.

In developing this story Mrs. Harrison shows nice judgment. In the first two acts there is not a superfluous word. They have the true dramatic ring. The dialogue is terse and pointed, with light shafts of humor playing over it, and with touches of pathos in Gustave's lines, not well accentuated by the actor. 'The Count de Woroffski,' says Alexis to Poleska, 'would have shared with you his fortune ; more he could not do. I gave you my all. For you I have sacrificed everything, my future, my life, perhaps. In return, punish me as you will, pardon me if you can, but pity me, Poleska.' Here, as throughout, is the true language of the stage, forcible always, redundant never. It is in the capentering of the third act that the interest momentarily declines. Gustave tells his sister what the audience already know. Poleska repents too suddenly. Her jealousy of the Baroness is too flimsy a device. But there is excellent comedy in the Baroness and her whims ; there are many lines of beauty and delicacy in the act, and there is a pageant to bring it to a conclusion.

The characters, moreover, are clearly limned. The best of them is old Ivan, the shoemaker, of whom Mr. Lemoyne makes a comic creation. He is a very mirthful personage, with his tall, blue hat, and his baggy, yellow trousers, and his red, red nose. A man of varied occupations had Ivan been, before he took to cobbling. Doctor and hairdresser, dentist and surgeon, he had picked up as rich a store of proverbs as Sancho Panza. These now form his worldly wealth, and Mr. Lemoyne doles them out with delicious unction, especially when they deal with the subject of wife-beating, a pastime in which he won distinction in his youth. In the variety of tone with which he delivers his aphorisms, in the abundance of meaning which he gives to them, lies the originality of the actor's performance. Summoned before the Baroness and mocked for his treatment of Poleska, he turns the laugh by remarking, aside, 'Women have long hair and short wits, says the proverb ; but I know not what to make of this one.' And when she dismisses him he thus reflects : 'It takes seven women to make one soul, says the proverb. Whew ! Fancy seven women like that !'

Koulikoff, the steward of the estates, is played quite as cleverly by Mr. Max Freeman. A terrible person is Koulikoff with the serfs, using the knout unsparingly on their backs ; and an extraordinarily servile creature is Koulikoff with his masters, bowing obsequiously to every whim of the Baroness. 'If,' he confesses, 'in my modest way I have established a reputation as a disciplinarian, so much the better for me when my Lord, the Count, arrives.' When he is not knouting, he is keeping his books, or standing godfather to the last pair of twins born on the estate, or putting old women in jail for setting their cattle-sheds on fire, or warming his feet at old Ivan's stove. Nothing could

be better than the expression, half of amazement, half of amusement, with which Mr. Freeman relates the changes that have come over the estate since the old Count died, the extravagance that is now in fashion, fresh meat and fowls every day, and cords of the best wood burning to waste in the fire-places. Nothing, again, could surpass the importance which he gives himself when the Baroness arrives with her maids and her lackeys, her pages and her pug-dogs, her travelling cat and her travelling doctor ; or the dismay with which, having browbeaten Alexis the serf, he finds in him his master, the Count Woroffski.

Miss Ada Dyas and Mrs. Agnes Booth meet once more in friendly rivalry. Miss Dyas has the more brilliant part, Mrs. Booth the graver and more trying. The dash and buoyancy of Miss Dyas's style have never been better displayed than as the Baroness Vladimir. When her protection is implored by Poleska, she declares with rapture, 'I might have lived for years in Paris, and nothing so delightful would have occurred ;' and then, having heard a little evidence in the case she languidly cries, 'Koulikoff, I think, on the whole, I am tired of witnesses. Bring me something else.' The drawl, the weariness, the superciliousness are imitable. It is Charles Mathews in petticoats. Mrs. Booth, on the other hand, assumes a character of a kind somewhat new to her. Her best scenes are those in which she plays the shrew, breaking china, upsetting tables, turning the household topsy-turvy. Her spirits are as high, her energy as great as ever. And Mrs. Booth's vigorous method serves to bring into relief the modesty and simplicity of Miss Estelle Clayton, of whose beauty and budding talent the world will yet hear much. A more charming and graceful little peasant-girl the mind of man refuses to conceive.

The play is announced for a very limited period. Its scope is less wide than that of its predecessors. Its characters are less close to our sympathies. But it will endure for its fixed term, and for more, with credit to the author, the actors, and the managers, who, in all they do, maintain the standard of the Madison Square as the first theatre in America.

Music

The Philharmonic Society.—Sixth Concert.

PERHAPS the most noticeable fact of the sixth and last Philharmonic concert of the season was that Mr. Joseffy played Schumann's A-minor Concerto with not only superb technical skill but with feeling and comprehension as well. His time and expression were in some instances woefully exaggerated, it is true, but on the whole the performance was one which delighted not only his ardent admirers, but those also who had come to the conclusion that Mr. Joseffy was losing ground as an artist. The only numbers on the programme which were not as familiar as the Concerto were Fuch's Serenade and Bargiel's 'Medea' overture, neither of which is particularly worthy of revival. The latter especially, though remarkable for its clever scoring, has almost nothing to recommend it. The last movement of the Serenade is the best, and was well rendered by the orchestra and well (rather too well) received by the audience. The most important number on the programme, Beethoven's Ocean Symphony, was played almost as well as it seems possible for it to be played. As a rule, Mr. Thomas's interpretation of Beethoven is not all that one could wish ; but on Saturday the same influence which seemed to inspire Mr. Joseffy was not without its effect on the conductor. Five out of the

seven movements were played, and with the possible exception of the Adagio, they received not only the superb technical treatment to which we are accustomed, but were invested with a poetic spirit which is much more rare.

Saturday night's concert marked the close of the season. We have heard the Philharmonic Society this year on six occasions, and it is a matter of congratulation that a steady advancement has been perceptible from the first. Mr. Thomas may not be an ideal leader, but he at least comprehends the importance of hard and constant work, and it is seldom that attention has to be called to carelessness of execution on the part of his performers.

"L'Etoile du Nord" at the Academy.

It seems strange that "L'Etoile du Nord"—produced at the Academy last Monday night with Mme. Patti as Catarina—should be, comparatively speaking, a novelty in New York. For years it has been one of the favorite operas at the Royal Italian Opera in London, and for almost the same length of time her impersonation of the

masquerading empress has been a bright particular star in Mme. Patti's diadem. Originally written for the Opéra Comique and there produced, it was at Covent Garden that the opera first received a fitting representation. As the libretto is by Scribe, its cleverness of construction is a thing assured. Needless to say that what we nowadays call local color is conspicuous by its absence. Peter is a character, but he is not the Russian Czar; Catarina is still more of a creation, yet still less is she the Catherine of Russia. Meyerbeer's music abounds in recitative and martial music, and no more remarkable effect is to be found in the composer's operas than the finale to the second act, with two bands playing different marches, and the chorus adding its share to the tremendous volume of sound. Mme. Patti's Catarina is one of her most charming creations, from both the actor's and the singer's point of view; but Peter is almost as important a character, and should be more adequately represented than he was on Monday night. The setting and stage effects, though rather better than the management usually deign to provide, were not what they might have been.

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